

An Inside Out Fairy Tale

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Summary: In the land of Sicily, there lived poor people. But the only coolest place in town was a castle, that was owned by a queen, a king, and a princess...a princess that a poor man wants to marry. But with the man as an orphan, as of taking care of his younger sister, it will be a lot harder with marrying someone completely different from him and his family.

1. Once Upon A Time

****Hey guys! I just came up with another awesome idea! I hope you guys enjoy this new story! BTW, this is mostly for Fashion Disaster shippers and there is some Nervous Tears too! BTW, Sicily is in Italy! Here are the characters: ****

****Disgust- The Princess of Sicily (Danielle) [disgust would look really cool as a princess]****

****Joy-The Queen of Sicily ****

****Anger-The King of Sicily (Allan) [sorry that its not fear, starnerve shippers, but anger would really look cool as a king]****

****Fear- The poor orphan who wants to marry the princess (Frederick)****

****Sadness- Frederick's sister (Sunny)****

****Anyway, I hope you guys enjoy this! This chapter starts with Frederick's POV!****

...

"Attention to the city of Sicily! The queen is having a baby! I repeat, the queen is having a baby!"

I was really little when I found out about the baby. I didn't know what gender it was, but I was pretty excited to see if it was a prince or a princess. Queen Joy was walking out with a huge belly, with the baby inside. People formed a line for Queen Joy and King Allan to go through. They do this every morning. When the queen and king goes by us, we have to bow or do a curtsy. If you don't, you go to the prison, because that "disrespects the king and the queen." We have to do that line thing too. I like worshipping the queen and king because they do their best to protect Sicily, which is where I live, where they live. But when the queen came out with a pregnant belly, the people all said, "Long live the queen! Long live the king! Long live their new generation!"

The baby turned out to be a girl, which got the queen more happy. When the baby was born, we had a celebration. We all looked at the baby. She had beautiful tiny green eyes and she was wearing a pretty green dress with a flower on it. She was giggling at the people who were looking at her. She was so adorable! Unfortunately, we weren't allowed to touch her because of "germs." I guess the queen and king are very protective of their first child. I remember saying to my mother, "Look mommy! It's the princess!"

She had a beautiful smile, as she held Sunny, my sister, for when she a newborn baby. "Isn't she beautiful?" mom said. "She'll be the same age as Sunny! And I bet she'll be as beautiful as Sunny!"

"What about me?" I remember asking.

"You already are a beautiful boy," mom said.

"Am I more beautiful than the princess?" I asked.

"Shh!" mom said. "Don't say something like that! That disrespects the princess!"

"Oops. Sorry!" I laughed a little and then looked at the princess. I remember that I couldn't see that much of her because people were in the way. I crawled through someone's legs and ended up in the front of the crowd. The princess was giggling as people were going, "Aw, aren't you just adorable?" or "Isn't she the cutest thing?"

There were guards standing on the side of her. I remember that the guards creeped me out because of their faces and how protective they were of the princess (that's their job actually). "Don't touch the princess," one said.

"I-I won't, sir," I said. I looked down at the princess. She looked at me and giggled. She reached over to touch my long nose but I scooted back because I couldn't touch the princess. She laughed and started kicking her feet. She was so adorable! I remembered seeing how cute that little face was and that I talked to her, even though I thought that she wouldn't hear me from the crowd.

"Hi princess," I remember saying. "You are really beautiful. I hope you'll be as beautiful as me and my sister. I wish we can be friends. That would be cool. But nobody knows your name yet for some reason. I love you and long live the princess of Sicily!" I bowed to the baby (even though she didn't know what that meant) and walked to my mother. I learned to always say "Long live the queen!" or "Long live

the king!" because that meant in Sicily that they will live long and normal lives and that we will pray that they will be able to live until they grow old and die, as new generations keep filling. I was very excited for the princess to start to grow older, as things would change for me and my family, as well as their family too!

2. Growing Up

Okay, so no reviews yet, but that's fine. I'd like some nice reviews. Or if you have any questions, comments, or concerns, do that to the review section as well or you can PM me. That would be totally fine by me! This chapter is still Frederick's POV, so I hope you enjoy and **_please review!_**** I'll read your stories and fave them if you do!**

Have fun with this next chapter! I'll try to make it a long one.

...

Soon enough, Sicily has filled with grown up people, including me and my family. But things have definitely changed at Sicily. The princess and Sunny were 3 years old, and I was 5. There were people coming to the city to kill the princess. The queen and king have called their guards to attack them. But some of them risked their lives to save the royal family. Most of them were lucky to survive, but a lot of them were wounded and the royal family got their servants to take care of them. But rarely of the guards have survived not wounded. My sister and I survived, but my mother didn't. She got assassinated by the people because they wanted to kill all the poor people too...

...but it was just the children...

My mom told us to find a spot to hide. We hid in the basement. No one found us, but we heard screaming from above. Sunny was sobbing quietly. I looked after Sunny and hugged her protectively. I tried to comfort her, but I never saw her as scared as possible. I thought I was the most scared in this house. I'm basically scared of almost everything.

Not _almost _everything...just everything.

Yeah, everything.

Heh.

Okay, back to the terrible people, my mom was screaming at the people to leave us alone, and she wouldn't tell them where we were hiding. The people lost their patience and strangled her to death. I didn't know that they killed my mom but when we saw a guard that works for the royal family come down here to rescue us, we thought we were saved! I felt much better but Sunny was still worried about the people who got killed by the people.

When we saw our mom...laying there...lifeless...I just stared at her. "What happened to mommy?" I asked the guard.

"Alas, sir, your mom has died from them," the guard said.

Sunny started crying right after that sentence.

"Mommy?!" I asked tears filled my eyes. I flipped her over and her neck was bruised up. Unfortunately, she wasn't breathing...

..._my mom was dead..._

First it was my father, who got killed before Sunny was born from a heart disease, and now it was her!

Both of our parents are dead.

We went outside and all the adults who survived were shocked to see us...the only children surviving. We saw the royal family. They all survived too.

They survived from the guards that kept them protected.

The survivors, including us, bowed to the royal family. The princess wasn't wounded, the queen wasn't wounded, and the king wasn't-

Wait...

The king _was _wounded.

He had a big scar on his cheek and his arm. Everyone wasn't just bowing for the family...

...they were bowing for the wounded king of Sicily.

3. Face To Face

****Thanks guys for reviewing! I already have two reviews which is pretty good! Keep up the great support! My replies to the reviews I have so far:****

****mlplovergir1500: Thank you!****

****Metherarto: Thank you! The king was angry and the princess was scared but she didn't really know what was going on since she was only three years old. Plus, the king was worshipped by his people so he didn't need to feel angry anymore. ****

****Still Frederick's POV. Hope you enjoy and please review!****

...

This was in the past, and in the present, right now, we weren't that upset about mom anymore, but we still missed her of course! The royal family heard about both of our parents being dead and they sent us a gift! It was a lot of food, water, toys, books, and clothes. We worshipped them more than in the past now. This was the first time I saw Sunny this happy in my life! She wanted to play with toys right away but I warned her that the toys might break and that may be a waste of toys. Sunny always listens to what I say, since now I'm in charge and she knows how protective I am around her.

Ever since my mom died, I still had a job to hunt for food. The royal family, also, sent us some weapons for protection. It was a gun, a knife, an ax, a bow n arrow, and matches. And those weapons came from their soldiers! Sunny thought that those were toys but I told her what they can actually do to you, and she got scared around them. That's why I do all the hunting, and today, I still do the hunting, and I may start having Sunny start training. She didn't want that, but I wanted her to be a brave and strong hunter. There were bad animals there at Sicily, like bears, tigers, wolves, etc. That's what type of animals we kill. Yep, we're (well, I'm) pretty sneaky.

It was an afternoon and I was hunting. I thought I heard an animal come nearby. So I prepared my gun, the weapon I took and my best weapon, and aimed for any animals coming. But the sound was galloping. It was horse. I can't shoot horses. That would be depressing and Sunny loves horses! So I lowered my gun and there was a horse galloping past us. It actually had someone on it.

She had a green smooth-looking dress. She had short, straight, hair. She had a pretty skinny and slender body. She had a bow on her hair.

I recognized the person.

Was she the princess?

I followed her quietly so she wouldn't get disturbed. I wonder what she does while she rides her horse. I never seen her ride it at all, but I heard that they have a lot of horses, and a lot of pets.

Suddenly, the horse stopped like a car slamming on its brakes. I heard a growl. Is that what scared the horse?

Apparently that growl did. A wolf was walking slowly up to the horse. I think it wants the horse as a meal. I had an idea. I wanted to be a hero.

I aimed the gun at the wolf, and did a quick shot, which probably scared the princess, since I heard a scream. The wolf was laying down, dead.

The princess looked at me. I started to get a bit shy. I never met the princess by myself! Ever! This was the big moment!

"Thank you," the princess said, getting off her horse. Then she started to get confused. "How are you still alive?"

"Uh-" I think she was thinking about the day the terrorists came. The ones that tried to kill all the poor children and the royal family. "My mother took our place."

"I'm sorry about your mother," the princess said. She started to have an I-feel-so-bad-for-you face.

"I-It's fine," I said. I decided to show some respect. I bowed before her. "I'm Frederick."

"Princess Danielle," the princess said doing a curtsy. "It's a

pleasure to meet a survivor."

I started to feel pretty lucky. I met the princess! Am I the only person to actually meet the princess?

"So, uh, how's your father?" I asked her. I reminded her of him with his big wounds.

"He's all better," the princess, or Danielle, said. "He's now the usual. He gets mad at his servants for failing his task...blah blah blah...but he shows a lot of respect to our soldiers. My mother does too. She said to me when I was little that the soldiers risk their lives to keep us safe, the royal family."

"I feel bad for them," Frederick said.

"Don't be," Danielle said. "They're really trained warriors so a lot of them survive."

"What about your guards?" I asked out of the blue.

The princess sighed. "They don't fight for us," she said. "They look after us. They take care of us. They show that they want us to always be alive."

I wanted to hug the princess but the queen and king are still protective of her and still sticking with the whole "don't touch the princess because of germs" thing.

"Well...it was a pleasure," the princess hopping back on the horse. "Thank you once again."

I bowed to her. "Will we meet again?" I asked her.

"Maybe some day we will," the princess answered. "Goodbye Frederick!"

"Goodbye princess!" I called back to her as she rode off. I saw the dead wolf and took it to our house. When I entered, Sunny looked at me with confusion. "What took you so long?" she asked me.

"Oh, nothing," I answered. "Just a long and a pretty good hunt."

4. Dinner

It was dinner time, and we were cooking the meat of the wolf I killed for the princess. Sunny, once again, felt awful for the wolf and its death, but hey, it's not an animal, it's, to us, food! I cut the meat to a half where me and Sunny can have the perfect size to eat. I make sure that we don't eat too much or too less. I want us to eat just right!

I always make sure that we're healthy too. I don't want Sunny to sleep on a warm day because I want her to at least go out and feel the air. I make her collect flowers at a different area at Sicily. Don't worry, there isn't any bad animals at that area. The royal family told us that it's safe for us to feel free and walk around!

Sunny doesn't collect the flowers for us...she gives them to the people that are more poor than us. Yes, there are many people that have, like, nothing. Yeah, I may be exaggerating, but they have, like, barely anything and Sunny shows respect to those people with flowers. But it's not better than the royal family's gifts, of course, which is the same as the gifts that they give to us weekly.

I wish I was royal. What is it like to be royal? It should be pretty cool because you get a lot of respect from, like, everyone at Sicily. The princess gets the most respect, because she respects us. But I don't think you get to do anything, because I heard from my mom that the princess has to be very mature in order to be a real princess. You can't just mess around people and go, "Hi! It's nice to meet you!" like we do. You only just smile and wave. How do I know this? I saw it before.

Dinner was normal as usual. Me and Sunny just chatted but it was a fun chat, honestly. Me and my sister are like best friends, but of course, family is more important. Sunny is a really sweet and comforting sister. She'll always be there if you need her and she'll be someone that you can trust. I don't want Sunny to go, because she has a great, but sad, personality. That's why I'm so protective of her all the time. People who are scared of everything...yeah, pretty much. If I had to choose what to do to work for the royal family, I'd be the guards...maybe. I don't know. I don't really like to be the working people but I heard from a maid that working for _this_ royal family is very simple. But they probably do a lot of chores and stuff. I hate chores. That's why I let Sunny do all the housework.

"Frederick?" Sunny asked, interrupting my thoughts.

"Yes?" I asked, eating a piece of meat.

"Do you ever want to meet the princess?" Sunny asked, eating a piece of meat as well.

"Of course. She's very pretty and kind."

"Do you ever want to be friends with her?"

"Why, yes, of course! Why wouldn't you have a royal best friend?"

"You see...since me and the princess are the same age, I want to be friends with her." She started to get teary. "But...I guess there is something that I need to work on to be like her."

"Oh Sunny!" I felt bad for her. She was just a 13 year old, just like the princess, while I, the hard-working brother, am a 15 year old. I ran to Sunny and comforted her. "Don't worry! I'm sure the princess will give you plenty of respect!"

"'Plenty'?" Sunny asked. Usually I'm the guy who says the wrong thing.

"Okay, a _lot_ of respect!" I corrected myself. "You're a sweet kid! You know how much I love you as a sister and how much respect you

give to _me!_"

Sunny smiled. "But...remember that time we had that fight? Like, 6 years ago?"

Oh boy.

When I was 9 and Sunny was 7, we started having an argument about who was better. I told her that I was better because I was the hunter of the family and I'm the one who protects ourselves and gives us plenty of care and shelter. But Sunny said that she was better because she was the one that keeps things tidy and clean and that she shows a lot of respect to the family, which leads us into a great life. I had to agree with her on that one.

What was strange is that Sunny was a girl who would never start an argument. She said that it was 'really sad that people keep yelling at each other'. I guess she made herself sad. Later on, after the argument, I heard Sunny crying in her room.

I, of course, remembered the fight. "Yeah...unfortunately," I said.

"Well...I agree that you keep us healthy and that we have the perfect shelter, but...I don't know," Sunny said starting to have a guilty face.

"Hey, don't worry!" I said, putting my hand on her shoulder. "Let's just get over that fight and be thankful with what we got!"

"Sure, I guess," Sunny said.

We both smiled at each other, and continued to eat our dinner that we are thankful that we got.

5. A Perfect Family

I hope you guys get excited with this chapter because this is the queens POV! (i'll do the princess soon, guys. Don't worry) This story hasn't shown the queen and king much but now here it is! I know some of the people who are reading like joy and anger as a favorite character! I hope you guys enjoy this now!

mlplovergirl500: Aren't they just an adorable ship?! :D (a review reply)

...

After all these years that our new family has been royal, living in a castle for years has been pretty fun and cool. Yes, there has been a lot of changes and struggles, especially with those terrorists that hurt my husband, the king of Sicily. But things have gotten back to normal after that! Nobody in the family has gotten killed and seriously hurt (my husband just has two big bruises, nothing else), but I still had to deal with a scared daughter of mine.

I wasn't a queen when I was younger, but I am now! Honestly, it's a really great experience! I wanted to be rich when I grew up, because my family was pretty poor. Not as poor as my people, but yeah, pretty

poor. I didn't expect the king (he was a prince back then) to start liking me when he first saw me. This is way better than being rich!

My husband likes being royal, too, but he can lose his temper easily, especially when our servants don't follow his directions, or protest at him. One has done that when my daughter, Danielle, was a little girl, and - surprisingly - my husband ordered his soldiers to put that servant to his death. Danielle was crying because she said that he was a very nice servant. I had to agree but with people who don't show respect, I gotta agree with giving them revenge...big time! But I'm not that mean! My husband is the one who is mostly in charge of Sicily.

Now to my daughter...I think that our servants have done very good with home-schooling her. She's a very caring and smart young lady, but she got a little opinionated when she got older. But I told her to always show respect to our poor people, and that was what she was doing. I want my daughter to get married to the perfect man when she becomes queen. Of course, I don't want Danielle to grow up, but those happen. She will be respected a lot more when she was queen (even though everyone does respect her a lot). But everyone knows that my husband and I absolutely love our daughter, and we will always love her no matter what happens!

I'm Queen Joy. I got my name because my mother said that I will always be a happy girl and the name "Joy" will absolutely fit my personality. Apparently she was right. I grew up to be pretty optimistic and joyous all the time. I guess my brain was born with happiness as well! It's not like I hate being happy! It's pretty...you know, happy!

Even though my family has a bit of the opposite of my personality, I still love our family. Nothing has happened, we have a healthy daughter, and my husband is being the protective and strict dad!

Our poor people is like a family to us too. They always give us respect by giving us gifts. But the gifts are very little, dirty and cheap. My daughter felt bad because she didn't like the gifts. She decided to give them the gifts instead!

And that's what we did. We gave everyone food, toys for the kids, books, and a lot of clean stuff and care products! I knew my daughter would be a very kind and generous princess!

We heard that during a terrorist attack, a mother of two children has died to take her children's place (well not exactly. It's just that she kept refusing on telling the terrorists where her children were and the terrorists got impatient). We felt just awful for those children that they were the ones that got our gifts the most. And we decided to give them gifts weekly instead of monthly, like what we do with the other poor people. I even heard that those two children had a dead father too! So, basically, they're orphans. Our daughter said that she wants to meet the children some day, but my overly protective husband, Allan, said that they may do something bad to her. I wanted her too, but just in case of him being right, I stayed out of it.

I love our family. I love our people. I would do my best to protect them all. I will teach my daughter that as well. My family will

always be together and we will never split apart.

We will always be a perfect family.

6. Smile and Wave

****mlplovergirl500: I know right? *laughs along* (review reply)****

****This is still the queens POV but things will be pretty interesting soon! I hope u guys are excited! Have fun and review!****

...

I was holding my daughters hand, as my other hand was being held by my husband. We were about to do something that we do daily. I like it, but I sometimes get tired of it. It's the same that we do so you're gonna be pretty used to it if you had to do it _every single day._ It's not like I'm sick of it (which I kinda am, no offense), it's just that I think it's really special. I feel like my people are my protectors of disrespect coming.

My daughter came out the golden door and cameras started flashing. Danielle hated that but she let them do it just so they can do what they want with her.

"Danielle, over here!"

"Princess, to your left! To your left!"

"Give me that big princess smile, Danielle!"

Danielle has been accepting all of those requests from her people. She kept walking, as she smiled and waved. To be a queen, a king, and a princess, you cannot touch or talk to anyone. If you let someone touch you, it will turn to a stampede so everyone would get a chance to touch you. If you talk to someone, it will also turn into a stampede so everyone would get a chance to be talked to by someone royal. Danielle has touched someone when she was little once, and now everyone was feeling her and my still-overly-protective husband ordered for all those people to go to the prison, which is where you go when you follow the rules.

Now my and Allan walked up and everyone was cheering more. As I walked by my people, they were all bowing and doing curtsies and going, "Good morning, Your Majesty!" or "It's great to see you again, Queen Joy!" I reply everyone with a smile. I can't do a curtsy back to everyone because, once again, it will turn into a stampede and everyone will try to get a curtsy reply from me by bowing and doing the best complimenting voices. That would really annoy me, but I know that they'd try to be nice to me, and I like it. A lot.

We continued to face forward, where the only person seen at that moment is Danielle. We ignored everyone's questions and we did nothing but walking (my daughter is sashaying actually, which she really likes to do).

We walked all around Sicily like we were in a parade and headed back into the castle. "How was it?" I asked Danielle. Usually when we do

the smile-and-wave thing, she usually doesn't enjoy or things go wrong. Once a man yelled at her for not answering his questions and he was sent to prison for years, instead of 15 days, like what everyone else gets for touching Danielle.

Yes, I know that rule may be stupid, but I didn't come up with it! Danielle is our first child and our only child so when she was born, we were pretty overprotective of her because I couldn't believe that we actually formed a princess. And she was born to be the best princess in Sicily! In the world, actually!

"It was the usual," Danielle said. "But Mom, I saw this pretty girl. She was waving at me and she had this pretty smile on her face. I think I saw tears in her eyes as well. She was also wearing glasses and a sweater. She looked just about my age! I think she survived the terrorist attack!"

"I still don't want you to go near her, honey," Allan said.

"But, she looks so nice and innocent!" Danielle said.

"I'm sorry, sweetie," I said. "But you know what could happen."

"Yes, I do, Mom," Danielle said, rolling her eyes.

"We just want you to be safe," I said. "We want you to be a healthy princess, you got it, sweetie?"

"Fine," Danielle said with a groan.

I knew she was still tired of us being protective with her, but hey, it's worth it, right? I also need to protect my people too! That's me and my husbands job!

I looked at my people leaning to have a look at us inside the castle. I gave them all one big smile and a wave, before the door was shut, with a reply of happy cheerful people.

7. A Guest

****Big news guys...drum roll please! *drums play* Now...in this lucky 7 chapter, this will be the PRINCESS' POV NOW! YAYYYY! I hope you guys are excited about this! I hope you enjoy and more reviews would be very nice to show some support. I had a big test at my school 2 days in a row and my brain is ****_burnt up!_**** So...yeah, have fun reading this chapter! ****

...

Being royal is normal, but having the most overprotective parents that don't let you do what you want to do, even if you're a completely average but beautiful princess? Totally not on my list! I mean, I know my parents, who are basically the king and queen of Sicily, are in charge of this whole city, but why would they _not show respect to their very own daughter who is a princess?_ I'm a princess who came up with an idea to protect our people, even though that's not my job...yet. I'm thinking that my parents don't know what it's really like to be a princess who doesn't get what she wants...I mean, what's

up with that?! Doesn't _every_ princess get what they want, since they're so rich and famous and royal like me? I guess I'm the only princess who is completely different from every other princess and/or prince...thinking of that just ruined my day. I mean, our days are the usual: boring but special. People showing respect to me, _unlike_ two people that raised me_, like I saved the world. I mean, we didn't really do anything for people to respect us. Well, _I_ didn't really do anything. I guess people respect me because I'm in a royal family.

Being in a royal family makes me feel safe, with all of our guards and soldiers. I feel alive, like how Jesus came back from the dead. Yeah, that's how I feel right now. I feel like I come back from heaven over and over again, like I'm Jesus' sister (I wish I was, actually). At night, I always thank him with the family I'm with right now, and I pray to Lord Almighty to help me with how protective my parents are and I asked Him to make them go easy on me. I hope our heavenly father accepts my prayer...

I don't think that worked out as planned...hey, I love the Lord, but I don't think magical powers exist anymore. We were having a party for Passover, which is a holiday our family and servants celebrate by having a party. We invite everyone in Sicily and whoever is an intruder, which is someone who isn't from Sicily or someone who _is_ from Sicily but brings a type of weapon inside, goes to the prison for a year. Back then it was 15 days but I guess my father ordered for a year now, I guess.

We were getting ready on the day of the party. I was wearing my Passover dress, which was a long sparkly tan dress with a belt. I had my short hair in a tiny organized bun and I was wearing a flower headband. I had high heels on with a sunflower on it but without the stem or leaves, of course. When I become queen, I want to wear a flower crown.

Suddenly, two people came in...one was wearing a real king crown and the other one, who looked about my age, was wearing a princes' suit. We were the only royal family in Sicily! I don't think they're from Sicily at all! Also, why did the guards let them in?!

"Good morning, Your Majesty," the king-dude said to my dad, doing a bow.

"Are you two from Sicily?" dad asked.

"No, but we'd like to celebrate with you guys," the prince-dude said.

"People who are from another city must _leave_," dad said starting to get angry. He scares me a lot when he's mad.

"Aw, c'mon, why don't you let a royal family from Rome in?" the king-dude asked.

"_Leave_, or a year in prison for the both of you," _dad yelled. Mom ran up to me and hugged me with protection.

"Dad, I don't want to go to prison!" the prince-dude cried _whined_.
"Tell them the proposal!"

"_What proposal?!" _dad now screaming.

"My son wants to marry your daughter!" the king-dude said.

Wait, _what?! _**_Me?!_** No! Why would I marry someone who isn't from Sicily?! I want to marry someone who _is _from Sicily, not someone from _Rome!_ Besides, the suit of his doesn't even look good on him! I don't want to marry _anyone _yet! Mom must've noticed me, because she said, "We'll think about it, okay, sweetheart?"

I was so scared to death that I didn't even say anything. I just starred at my dad, who was, I guess, thinking about it too.

"We'll have to see and find out," dad said. "Fine, you may come to the party."

"Allan!" mom whisper-shouted at dad.

"If they do anything bad, prison for a year it is!" dad said. "End of story! Now go! The party isn't until at night!"

"Fine, fine, we'll go!" the king-dude said putting his hands up. "C'mon son!"

"Bye Danielle!" the prince-dude called to me.

I didn't want to say bye back to him, but I did, because that's what princesses do, right?

Right...?

I got a bad feeling about tonight...

8. The Talk

****Review replies:****

****Mindykalingfan: I know, right? I like interesting stories :)****

****Guest: This story is supposed to be a Human AU so yea they can be out of character. Since disgust (danielle), joy, and anger (allan) are royal they can be different but i'll try to make them have the same personality as the movie. same with fear (frederick) and sadness (sunny) I'm glad u like the story tho I appreciate it.****

****Enjoy this chapter and reviews would be nice! This is still danielle's POV.****

...

Things have been pretty worse after our "guests" left our castle. Why? Because 1) my dad was yelling the crud out of our gate guards for letting the guests in, and 2) my parents had an embarrassing and a frustrating talk. I hate when we have private talks. All it really leads to is trouble, especially us. I know my parents are very strict around me and they'd do their best to make me happy and perfect, but I just think they're doing this too much. I mean, hello?! I want my own personal space and I want to do what I want to do, which is for

my parents to leave me alone, especially at this moment.

"Sweetie, I know you hate when we do this, but we want what's best for you," mom said.

"How can I get what's best when you guys _get in my way?!_" I asked them.

"I don't like this tone of voice, young lady," dad said to me.

"I don't like _your _tone of voice either!" I talked back.

"Excuse me?!"

"I'll love you guys a lot more if you-" I point to dad. "-stop screaming like an immature idiot and you-" I point to mom. "-stop going so hard on yourself and me. You know I like it when people are out of my way, especially you two overprotective freaks!"

"Danielle!" mom yelled at me.

"You better watch it, or you won't go to the party!" dad yelled as well.

"I don't care!" I yelled back. "I don't want to go near that stupid kid! He's so whiny and dumb! I don't want to marry _anybody _who isn't from Sicily! Plus, you guys _clearly _said that the princess, _me_, will not marry _anybody _who isn't from Sicily!"

"We didn't say that we wanted you to marry that kid," mom said. "We're thinking about it sweetheart."

"Do you want to marry anybody or not?" dad asked.

"I do! But I want to marry someone who shows me so many respect that he can be the most nicest person in the world!" I said.

"We know that, sweetie," mom said. "If you don't want to marry him, that's fine. Plus, we can't get ready for a marriage right now. You're only 13 years old."

"Well, that's good because it'll take _years _to find a better man for me!" I said.

"Danielle, _stop it!_" dad yelled. "You're really pushing it! You won't marry a man at all if you keep it up!"

"Fine," I said. "I'll leave you alone." I started to walk away.

"Danielle?" mom said.

"What?"

"You don't have to go to the party if you don't want to. It's up to you, sweetheart."

I just stood there. My mother is so nice to me! I feel so bad for her! She didn't do anything for me to yell at her! All she wants to

do is keep me safe! Why did I have to push myself so hard to her? I'm not a kind, beautiful princess! I'm a snobby, judging princess! I can't believe myself! I ran up to her and hugged her even though hugging isn't my thing, except for my fans. My mother rubbed my back. I know that she loves me so much!

And I love her so much too! We're family, right? A big, royal family.

"I'm sorry for losing my temper like that," I said to her, still hugging.

"It's alright, sweetheart," mom said. "I'll try to be better around you, okay? Also I know how pushy your dad is. All he wants to do is protect you."

"I know that," I said.

"So please go easy on him okay?" mom asked me. "Also, give him those big smiles that you show to your people! I'm sure he'd love that!"

"He would?" I asked sounding like I wouldn't believe her. I mean, my father is so nasty all the time. He isn't the lovey-dovey type and he doesn't like people who are all "touchy-feely." But I still wanted to support my mother and I know that she wouldn't ever lie to her family.

"Of course he would!" mom said. "Your his daughter and you know that he loves you so much!"

"I trust you," I said smiling.

Mom gave me a kiss on the forehead which kind of grossed me out. Kissing isn't my thing either. That's what's going to be hard about finding a man for me. Every man wants a true loves kiss, right?

This is what I hate about being a princess.

9. A Blue Party

****Hey guys! I can't believe I'm keeping it up with this story! I thought at first that I'll give up on it - like I did with Struggle :(****

****This will be Sunny's point of view. I don't know if I should do the king at all because...well...Anger is my least favorite character...so yeah, I don't know but if u guys seriously want me to - which means that you're basically an anger fave - I'll see if i can do it for u guys! ****

****Well, then...what are we waiting for? I hope you enjoy this new narration!****

...

My brother says I'm like a rainy day to him. I kinda agree with him...well, okay...I totally agree with him. I'm usually very gloomy and, well, sad...I don't really know why. Probably because our mother

died when I was a little girl. Maybe I have depression and nobody has ever noticed. People who don't notice things sounds depressing to me.

As you probably know, I'm Sunny, which is pretty ironic for a sad person like me. But I like my name. When I was little, my mother said that she chose that name for me because I'll be as beautiful as the sunshine and "playful" like the summer. She got the second one wrong, apparently.

Why my brother thinks I'm gloomy is because, first of all, I like blue. Blue is like the rain, which I love as well. It makes things gloomy and droopy. Ugh, I don't really know what my problem is. I'm always so upset and my brother tries to find out why! The royal family doesn't know about it and the princess, who is apparently my age, probably wouldn't want to be friends with someone who lets people down. I hate thinking of that. I want to be friends with someone royal, especially Danielle, who is the princess of Sicily, our hometown in Italy.

What makes me more upset is that we're orphans...me and my brother. That hurts having our parents dead: mother from terrorists and my father from a disease when my overprotective brother, Frederick, was born. Yeah, I never got to meet my father...but I got to meet my beautiful, loyal, trustworthy mother, who is now gone. *sniffle* Sorry...I just feel like crying when we talk about those things...

According to an invitation that I found, the royal family was having a Passover celebration and they were inviting everyone in Sicily so everyone got a chance to meet the princess and her parents, the queen, Joy, and the king, Allan. I guess parties are fun, but why do they get over so quickly? I wish parties would last forever...

Wow, this royal family actually makes me jealous. Their courtyard - where the celebration takes place - is absolutely huge! Bigger than our tiny, dusty, boring house...that makes me sad too.

I saw the princess with a cute tan dress. She had a pretty smile but was showing off her looks and her sashaying, which people were admiring. I think the princess would be a great fashion person.

We ordered some food and ate our dinner. I looked around the courtyard. It had beautiful flowers with a protective hard stone wall that forms the courtyard. There was a lot of decoration on it too, since the royal family has a lot of workers. There were balloons, banners, and there was even a leaf design that said "Happy Passover!"

Yeah, happy for everyone...more than me...

Suddenly, I saw yelling. Then screaming. I couldn't believe it! The king was arguing with another person! No, not his wife! Not his daughter! A person! Someone that got invited to the celebration! I don't think anyone has argued with the royal family at all! This was scaring me a little bit...well, unlike my scaredy-cat brother here, who was shaking like an earthquake. He put his hand in front of me, which means that he wants me to stay back. When things like this happens, that's when his protectiveness rises.

"Your son is _not _marrying my daughter!" the king roared.

"Well, why can't you let me son get a chance to actually _meet her?!_" the person roared back.

"_Don't talk back to me!_"

"I'm not! I'm just trying to help your daughter find someone for her future!"

"_My daughter doesn't need a future!_" Now he was screaming. Plus, I was shocked with what he just said. I think everyone else was too because they gasped.

"Oh, so you think that she's good without a man?!" the person asked.

I was so shocked with how brave that person was. I looked at the princess who looked like she was going to cry. I thought princesses don't cry. I guess situations like this make people need to cry. I saw the queen trying to comfort her. I want to comfort her someday...

"_What?! _No! I want my daughter to have the best man in Sicily! That's right, _Sicily! _So does it look like I want my daughter to have a man from a different city?! _No!_" the king yelled. "You've already wasted my time ruining this party for me!
**GUARDS!**"

Three men in black suits came out of nowhere and saluted.

The person put his hands up. "Whoa, whoa, okay!" he said. "I'll leave! Sheesh! What a bunch of baloney! But I'm telling you, your daughter will have the best man in this city! Trust me!"

"Whatever," the king said calming down. "Guards, get him out of here. I'll give him one last chance until I send him to a one-year prison."

"Yes, Your Majesty!" the guards said at the same time. The three of them marched behind the person and was forcing him to get out of here. He obeyed and now everyone was talking about what they just experienced.

The princess was now sobbing quietly, with her parents comforting her.

I knew parties would make me upset all the time...*sniffle*

End
file.